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THE NEW

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# THE NEW

# CIRCUIT COMPANION;

## OR A

## Mirror for GRAND-JURIES:

## A

# FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

*Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.* HOR.

The *great rogues* dance, We pay the piper.

ANON.

IRELAND, Printed:

LONDON, Reprinted for WILLIAM BINGLEY,

In the Year 1769.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# Editor's PREFACE.

THE little work here offered to the *public*, though written apparently in another kingdom, and referring principally to ſcenes and occurrences there, will furniſh notwithſtanding, if the *editor* be not deceived, ſome general entertainment even in *Great-Britain*. The lover of eaſy poetry will, perhaps, find ſomething to approve in the writer's ſtyle and manner: the friend of his country, who wiſhes to reſtore GRAND-JURIES to their original dignity in the *conſtitution*, of which they were formerly eſteemed the great bulwark, will not be diſpleaſed to ſee ſome pleaſant though ſevere ſtrictures on the moſt flagrant abuſes of that admirable inſtitution: thoſe, who read merely for amuſement, will probably receive ſome, in endeavouring to trace out and diſcover

diſcover the *originals*, from which the writer has taken the *out-lines* upon his *canvaſs*: and the profound *politician*, who looks only in each new publication for ſome *ſtrokes at the times*, will not be entirely diſappointed, as he will, doubtleſs, diſcover many paſſages which he *can apply* to his own purpoſe, however wide it may be of the *author's* original deſign.

This letter was written in the year 1763, but a few months before the death of the *author*, who was a *Barriſter at Law*. How it came into the *editor's* hands is totally unintereſting to the *reader*; and as it appears from ſome raſures in the *author*'s copy that it was his wiſh to conceal both himſelf and the field of his obſervations from *public* knowledge, the *editor* is too faithful to his intentions, to diſcloſe more of him than he was himſelf willing to make known. A few notes were found in the *manuſcript*, which are publiſhed: to theſe ſome others, neceſſary for the better illuſtration of the text, have been added by

4 OC 58

The EDITOR.

Lincoln's-Inn.

# A

# FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

" IN verſe! (ſays Fanny, in ſurprize,
As the leaf opens to her eyes)
" 'Tis ſome miſtake — I'll lay my life
" He never meant it for his wife;
" A wife, from whom (to increaſe the wonder)
" He has ſcarcely been a week aſunder!"
Strange though the matter be, 'tis true,
'Tis verſe, my girl, and meant for you;
What I have done I'll ne'er deny,
Of old, you know, I hate a lie.

This twofold crime of mine I own
In verſe and *law* alike unknown;
Poetic annals do not bear
One inſtance of a thing ſo rare;

And

And for *the books* — conſult them round,
No *precedent* can *there* be found; —
What follows ſtill is more ſevere;
Attend, and tremble when you hear
What dire effects await the crime
Of dealing in *illegal* rhyme:
Behold, prepar'd for the attack,
Each *learn'd apprentice* on my back;
And all, to ſcience duly bred,
Pour foul reproaches on my head:
The younger tribe, with looks and hands
Demure and formal as their *bands*,
*Inſiſt moſt humbly*, one and all,
" This is no language for the *hall:*" —
The *coifed brethren*, ſad and ſage,
Condemn to flames the *felon* page,
And from my eyes (poor ill-ſtarr'd vermin!)
Preclude all proſpect of the *ermine:* —
Well — be it ſo — of this tranſgreſſion
I'm guilty by my own confeſſion: —

To

To countervail thoſe threaten'd croſſes
Of preſent ills and future loſſes,
(Tho' ſmall, heav'n knows, the comfort be)
One comfort yet remains for me,
That, be it folly, be it wit,
'Tis what they *cannot* all commit.

But, ſhould *you* aſk, why thus again
To verſe I ſhape the *lawyer*'s pen?
Or, with heart ſpeaking in his eye,
Should *Frank* demand the reaſon why,
With foot profane and ſtubborn quill
I haunt again the *Muſes*' hill,
That barren ſoil, where, well I know,
Corn, wine, or oil could never grow?
Open to you, or to my friend,
'Tis thus my conduct I defend:
Ten lines of verſe by practice old,
As I moſt reverently hold,
(Aſk *Coleman* elſe, for *Coleman* knows)
Are equal to a ſheet of proſe;

This being the caſe — nay, do not frown —
I thought it beſt, when I ſate down,
As I but little had to ſay,
In verſe that little to convey:
This my defence, pronounce my lot,
Say — am I juſtify'd, or not?
Here note — it may not be amiſs
Ere I proceed to mention this —
*Videlicet*, it doth appear
From reaſons manifeſt and clear,
(If you ſhould entertain a doubt,
Search the laſt page, you'll find them out)
That, though I have ſcarce begun my letter,
You're now almoſt ſev'n ſheets my debtor.

Thus much for preface — What remains?
Kind heav'n have mercy on my brains!
Through air, o'er earth, within, without,
Above, below, or round about
In vain, alas! I throw mine eyes,
No ſingle hint the ſearch ſupplies; —

For

For thoughts abroad if *Fancy* roam,
She comes, ill chance! unfurniſh'd home:
Should I invoke thoſe tuneful pow'rs,
That bleſs'd ere-while my youthful hours,
Whoſe converſe ſweet and ſmile ſerene
Have chear'd and ſoften'd many a pain;
Whoſe potent magic could command
An *Eden* ſpring in barren land,
Spread richer landſcapes to my view
Than Nature's pencil ever drew,
And 'mid' the winter-tempeſt's gloom
Bid *Halcyons* play, and roſes bloom:
Theſe ſhould I call — alas the while!
No more they chear me with a ſmile;
Frowning they cry, with voice ſevere,
(The ſounds yet vibrate on mine ear)
" No more to us for ſuccour call —
" We here renounce you, one and all;
" Then lay aſide the uſeleſs lyre,
" For *law* hath quench'd the *muſes'* fire."

What's to be done then? — muſt I quit
This wildgooſe chaſe of rhyme and wit?
Like *Butler*, with his *Bear* and *Fiddle*,
Begin and break off in the middle? —
No — by the rood, I will not do it,
But ſtill proceed, howe'er I rue it. —

Now view me ſeated at my table,
Scribling as faſt as I am able,
Daſhing through thick and thin away,
Not caring ſixpence what I ſay,
No moment's pauſe to think about it,
And heedleſs quite how critics flout it,
While in this kind of meaſur'd proſe,
Whatever offers, down it goes.

Proceeding therefore with my letter,
(And ſay what ſubject can be better?)

My

---

Line 97.)——The adventure of the Bear and Fiddle
Is ſung, but breaks off in the middle.—
*Hudibras Argument to Canto* I.

Line 107. *meaſur'd proſe*)——Sermoni propiora.——HORAT.

My *Circuit*'s progreſs I'll unravel,
And give a journal of my travel.

Sev'n was the hour — the morning fair —
When forth I ſallied on my mare,
Like thoſe whom old romance recites,
To puniſh wrongs, and ſettle rights;
Reſpect and fear at once to draw
Arm'd with th' artillery of the *law*;
With field-cloath and an horſe to ſpare
Meerly for conſequence and air:
The names o'th' ſeats along the way,
And towns thro' which my journey lay,
I would with all my heart rehearſe,
But cannot ſhape them into verſe;
B————, and C————,
You find what hobbling jargon this —

'Twould

---

Line 125.) The words neceſſary to complete this line, as alſo to fill up the chaſms in lines 134, and 166, were blotted out in the manuſcript found amongſt the author's papers; with deſign, no doubt, to conceal the place where he has laid the ſcene of this letter. The reader is at liberty to exerciſe his own ingenuity in the diſcovery; in attempting which, however, he will do well to remember the old ſaying,—*Qui capit, ille facit.*—Note of the Editor.

'Twould never do — then beg of *Knapp*
To trace them for you in the map,
For, hence, no reckoning will I keep,
Save only where I eat and ſleep.

Five hours on horſeback, nothing new
Or curious offer'd to my view,
Till ſomewhat hungry, ſomewhat weary,
At twelve I ſtopp'd at ————— ;
'There, while a fowl was on the ſpit,
Two pages and an half I writ,
Which ſtand, for want of ſomething better,
At the beginning of my letter ;
More had I written, had I time,
But — dinner ſtopp'd me in my rhyme
With fare indifferent enough,
The eggs were ſtale, the foul was tough ;

But

---

Line 141.) Hoſpito modico.— HOR.

But *Pyfleet* oyſters of the beſt
Made amply up for all the reſt:
In ſhort, I made an hearty meal,
(Which, by the way, I ſeldom fail)
And ſometimes, as I us'd to do,
I fill'd my glaſs, and thought of you.

At three, or ſome few minutes more,
My horſes ready at the door,
My courage out — you take me right,
My ſober pint exhauſted quite,
Five ſhillings on the table counted,
I paid my reckoning and I mounted:
Thence jogging on, in five hours more,
(I might have done it well in four,

But

---

Line 143.) The mention of PYFLEET Oyſters in this place is clearly with the ſame deſign that has been taken notice of in a former note, viz. the better to conceal the place where the letter was written. Many circumſtances occur in it, which prove it to have been calculated for the meridian of Ireland. ——Our JUDGES, our GRAND-JURIES, and our PARLIAMENTS, however malevolence and faction may miſrepreſent them, are yet (thank heaven) very different from thoſe which the writer of this letter delineates.——Editor's note,

But, to account for the delay,
I paid two viſits in the way)
Poor *Sancho* to the eyes bemir'd,
And *John* moſt lamentably tir'd,
Myſelf, long proof 'gainſt wind and weather,
No loſs of appetite or leather,
Without one care upon my mind,
Save that of leaving you behind,
In ſhort, quite well, and ſound, and hearty,
I reach'd — — — — — —:
The table in a moment ſpread,
I eat two eggs, and went to-bed,
Where a kind dream my loſs ſupply'd,
And plac'd my *Fanny* by my ſide.

Riſing next morning with the lark,
Which is, (forgive me the remark)
More than I could contrive to do
For eight whole months I ſlept with you;

Cloath's

---

Line 159. *Sancho.)* The name of a pointer of the author's.
Line 160. *John.)* The author's ſervant.

Cloaths bruſh'd, wig powder'd, breakfaſt o'er,
(But ah! no *Clients* at the door)
Having firſt paid, with grateful care,
My morning viſit to my mare;
Then at my glaſs, in ſerious way,
Moulded my features for the day,
And thence expung'd (as meet and fit)
Each trace of humour or of wit;
Leaving, inſtead, a blank behind
Scarcely expreſſive of a mind,
Heavy yet light, though empty full,
No owl more venerably dull.
A ſtudied vacancy of face,
Sure mark at once of *Law* and *grace*;
I ſtrole into the public ſtreet,
Hug each *Attorney* whom I meet,
And aſk for family and wife ——
T'nough I ne'er ſaw them in my life:
A method this (the grave ones ſay)
My betters practiſe ev'ry day;

*Haſſett* could tell, were he alive,
He by ſuch means was taught to thrive;
And, had he acted on this plan,
Old *W---ll* had died a richer man:——
But hark!——The trumpet calls——away,
And mark the buſtle of the day.

My *Lord* comes forward in his chair;
The country bumpkins gape and ſtare;
Their worſhips of the *Peace* and *Quorum*,
*Sheriff* and *Conſtables* before him:
And, mark! the ruſtic belles and beaus,
Deck'd trimly in their *Sunday* cloaths,
From every village far and near
Come pouring forth to ſee and hear:

*Militia*

---

Lines 195, 198.) The Editor has been informed by a friend at the *Iriſh* Bar, that the former of theſe gentlemen lately filled a ſeat upon *the Bench* in that kingdom; and that the latter, with, at leaſt, equal abilities, died not long ſince poor and neceſſitous.

*Militia Colonels*, all in lace,
Their courage boiling in their face,
Valiant (to give them but their due)
As *train-band* heroes at *review*;
'*Squires* of ſuch happy education,
(In ſuch a ſet how bleſs'd the nation!)
The little knowlege they can boaſt
Juſt qualifies to hold a toaſt,
To ride a match, to roar, to ſwear,
To find a fox, to ſtart a hare,



Line 209.) The militia of this country is, in truth, what the *regular forces* have been often and with ſome juſtice alſo called, *An army of officers:* The *Colonels* too (who are moſt of them in the *Commiſſion* of the *Peace*) bear in ſome other particulars a more ſtriking reſemblance to the *diſciplined* troops than is generally imagined: They do not, indeed, like the latter, in contempt of the *Civil Magiſtracy* and defiance of the *Laws*, *break open Jails and ſet Felons at Liberty*, nor undertake *by force to reſcue debtors from legal arreſts*; but they ſcruple not, at their *Seſſions* and other *inferior Courts*, to countenance profligacy, and pay the debts of the diſſolute amongſt the lower ranks of men, by daily *diſcharging* hundreds (confined for the purpoſe upon *fictitious actions*) under colour of an *Act of Parliament*, which they do not underſtand.

From *Heber* learnedly to prate
And ſpell from *Bracken* a receipt;
Small tyrants of the fields around,
In whom nor love nor pity's found,
Who from the Peaſant's toil-worn hand
Wring the hard earnings of the land;
Mingled with theſe, *the informer-crew*,
Whom Heav'n's ripe vengeance ſhall purſue,
The refuſe rank of Goals and ſtews,
Whoſe pray'r ev'n Mercy ſhall refuſe,
All, cheek by jowl, in union meet,
Shoulder each other through the ſtreet.

Silence proclaim'd, his *Lordſhip* ſeated,
Now with the *Charge* ſhall you be treated:
The *Jury* ſworn —— O could you view 'em,
Such ſenſe, ſuch knowlege beaming through 'em,

---

Line 223.)—By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for Drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh
By any indirection.—Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar.

—— How many of the character of *Brutus* now in truſt or employment?——

Their eyes with ſtudious vigils red,
(Or laſt nights' claret in their head)
*The Mighty Mother*, you would ſwear,
Had bleſs'd in each a genuine heir!——
The *Jury* ſworn, the crowd around
In ſilent expectation drown'd,
(*Parturiunt montes* ſhewn at full,
That is —— much cry and little wool)
*Sir Humdrum* then, with formal grace
And legal dulneſs in his face,
Thrice ſtrokes his chin, thrice ſmooths his *band*,
Thrice waves his prefatory hand;
Then tells —— how provident and wiſe is
The inſtitution of *Aſſizes*,
Which, ſaving *coſts*, abridging all
Dull forms o'th' dilatory *Hall*,

---

Line 237.) *The Mighty Mother*, *i. e.* Dulneſs.—Vide Pope's Dunciad.

> In eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
> Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the thunderer's head,
> Dullneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her antient right,
> Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night, &c. Dunciad.

Our limbs and cabbages ſecures
By bringing *Juſtice* to our doors,
Where all the world, who chuſe, may hear
The *Laws* expounded twice a year:
In pompous phraſe he next ſets forth
(What all men know) our *Monarch*'s worth
And gracious wiſdom —— (Heav'n protect him!)
How ſhould we love and how reſpect him!
How bleſs his *Counſellors* ſo ſage,
For giving, to adorn the age,
Inſtead of *miniſterial drudges*,
Such *candid*, *equal*, *knowing judges!*
Next, with amazing elocution,
He paints the *Britiſh conſtitution*,
In ſhreds and ſcraps at random taken
From *Blackſtone*, *Forteſcue* and *Bacon:*
Then, kindling in his courſe, he ranges
Through the *Law Terms*, and rings the changes

---

Line 266.) *Blackſtone's Commentary*, *Forteſcue in praiſe of the Laws*, and *Bacon's Hiſtory of the Government of England*, are books in the hands of every perſon, who wiſhes to acquire a knowledge of our admirable *conſtitution*.

With nice diſtinctions and diviſions,
On *Treſpaſs*, *Treaſons*, and *Miſpriſions*——
Shall I go forward with this ſtuff?
Or, is the ſpecimen enough?——
*Sir Numps*, in intellect a brother,
Has lately publiſh'd ſuch another,
There, if you tire not, read it all——
'Twill coſt you two pence at the *ſtall*.

Now

---

Line 273, *Sir Numps*) Probably ſome Juſtice of the Peace who had lately publiſhed his *charge* to a *Grand-Jury*.—Editor's note.

Line 276, *'Twill coſt you two-pence*, &c.) This *charge* was originally ſold for a Shilling, but let not the learned *Juſtice* be offended that his labour here ſeems to be in ſome degree undervalued. How many valuable ſyſtems of *divinity* and *Law* may now be purchaſed at every ſtall for a penny a pound! The writer of this letter even now looks forward, with a tear of paternal ſorrow in his eye, to the time, when this identical performance, full as it is of wit, humour, *and all that*, ſhall be applied to the baſe purpoſes of conveying a quartern of Tea from the Chandler's, a pennyworth of Snuff from the Tobacconiſt's, or a Mutton-pye from the Cook's Shop.

Line 275, *If you tire not*, &c.) He that hath patience to read let him read.——Dodſley's Chronicle of the Kings of England.

Now, ſtarting from the dream of *Law*,
The *Jurors* to their room withdraw,
Where with true gentlemanly bounty,
They tax the poor, and fleece the *County*;
This, the fair plan their fathers drew,
With generous ardour they purſue;
The *precedent* before them ſtands,
No fear it periſh in their hands!
So pious they tranſmit it down
With eager zeal from Sire to ſon!
" A word, *Sir Chriſtopher*——you know
" I jobb'd for you a year ago

" The

---

Line 281,—Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
to 286. The generous plan of pow'r deliver'd down
From age to age by your renown'd forefathers:
O let it never periſh in your hands,
But piouſly tranſmit it to your children!—
Addiſon's Cato.

Line 287, &c.) Every reader's own obſervation will furniſh him with examples of ſuch conduct in *Grand-Juries*; where the *public money*, which ſhould be expended only in works of *general utility*, has been profuſely ſquandered in *avenues to Houſes* and *roads to bogs*, for *particular convenience*.

" The *Road* that leads, you jolly dog,
" From your new *lime-kiln* to the *Bog* ——
" For all, at times, I have done the ſame
" Your ſervices, in turn, I claim;
" My *Bridge* —— the eſtimate is four ——
" I'll finiſh for three hundred more."
" Three hundred, *Hugh!* —— why people ſwear
" There's ſcarce a drop of water there."
" Pſhaw! —— Rot their inſolent ſurmiſes! ——
" I'll bring the *River* next *Aſſizes*."

Such are the outlines of our *Jury* ——
A ſtriking likeneſs, I'll aſſure you:
Yet think it not to one confin'd,
'Tis general, *Fanny*, as the wind,
The kingdom through 'tis juſt the ſame,
All, all, are adepts at the game:
Though this alone were ample curſe,
Search higher ſtill, we find it worſe;
What hope of freedom from our chains
When general proſtitution reigns!

Each *public work* a *private jobb*,
And all the ſtrife, who beſt ſhall rob,
From the poor petty *Corporation*
To the *Grand inqueſt of the Nation!*
Good Heav'n! —— What ſums theſe twenty years
For *Roads*, *Canals*, and *Locks* and *Piers!*

For

---

Line 313.) A compleat illuſtration of the fourteen lines which follow would be nothing more than a meer tranſcript of the *Votes* of a certain great aſſembly, relative to the *expenditure of public Money* for the period here mentioned. The reader is referred to them, as they are open to public inſpection.

Line 314, *Roads)* That nineteen in twenty of our Turnpike Roads have been made upon the great principle of *jobbing*, will admit of but little diſpute: I ſhall offer but one inſtance. When the great Road leading from the Capital to the third City in the Kingdom was firſt projected, a *great Man of the time*, who had acquired a property in an inconſiderable town in the neighbourhood of the latter City, had intereſt enough to have the Road carried through his town, although it was neceſſary, for that purpoſe, to climb the higheſt mountain in that part of the Country by a ſteep, yet winding aſcent of near two miles: When, at the ſame time, by purſuing another line, the mountain might have been avoided, the Road eight miles ſhortened, and, conſequently, ſome hundreds ſaved. The inconvenience of this *jobb* to every traveller, and the great obſtruction to the commercial intercourſe of one City with the other, need

not

For *collieries*, which ne'er produce
A ſingle ton for public uſe!
For *camps*, *invaſions*, and *alarms!*
For *garriſons*, and *ruſty arms!*



---

not be pointed out. A few Years ſince, *one of our foremoſt Patriots* had planned, and almoſt effected, a remedy for the evil; but, unhappily, the *private ſollicitation of ſome intereſted individuals* had *for once*, more weight with him than the *Public utility*, and he relinquiſhed his deſign, when it was juſt ripe for execution.—— O rare Patriotiſm!

Line 314, *Piers)* In a late Seſſion of *Parliament*, a ſum of one thouſand pounds was granted for the purpoſe of Building a *Pier* at a certain remote *Weſtern Port*, which is ſo happy as to return two *Members* to *Parliament:* The money was punctually paid, and has been *judiciouſly* expended in building an elegant Houſe for the *Proprietor of the Borough*. N. B. As this is the firſt *Public Money* which has ever travelled ſo far *Weſtward*, he hopes from the bounty of a future *Parliament* for another thouſand——to complete his offices!

Line 314, *Canals*, *Locks)* See the Hiſtory of Inland Navigation in *Ireland*, from beginning to end.

Line 318, *Ruſty Arms)* When his *Grace* the Duke of *Dorſet*, Grandfather of the preſent *Duke*, was appointed to the *Government* of *Ireland*, a ſum of *ninety Thouſand Pounds* was *granted* for a ſupply of *new Arms* which were then *voted* to be neceſſary; *a few ſtands of uſeleſs and ruſty Arms* were ſhortly after furniſhed, and the ſurplus of the Money was *conſcientiouſly* applied to a purpoſe

For *Forts*, where never gun was mounted ——
'Twere paſt arithmetick to count it:
Yet ſwell'd with many a flagrant *item*,
(Alas! what boots it to recite 'em?)
For *bribes* to *miniſterial knaves*;
For *penſions* to the herd of *ſlaves*;
For *Whores of Rogues*, who come to ſtrip us;
For chains to bind and rods to whip us!

---

purpoſe of ſingular utility — to his *Grace*; viz. in diſcharging ſome troubleſome demands upon his eſtate; to wipe off which, ſome ſcrupled not at the time to ſay, was the ſole intention of ſending his *Grace* to *Ireland*.

Lines 318, 319, *Garriſons*, *Forts)* An accuſtomed mode of *Miniſterial rapine* in this Country has been, to appoint ſome General Officer to take a ſurvey of our *Fortifications* and *Garriſon Towns*, and to report them (as they have in truth been for near a century) defenceleſs; a large Sum is then immediately granted for their repair, which ſinks into the pockets of our *Chief Governor* or his dependants: —— The *Garriſons*, &c. however, ſtill remain in the ſame defenceleſs ſituation, as a Neſt-egg for his ſucceſſors in *Adminiſtration*.

Line 325, *Whores of Rogues*) When the *Earl* of *Halifax* was *Chief Governor* of *Ireland*, the Commons out of their great bounty *voted* him an *addition* of *Four Thouſand Pounds per Annum* to the accuſtomed appointments of his place; this their kind

offer

O were the *Drapier*, firſt of men,
To burſt the tomb and live again;

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offer (with a ſelf-denying generoſity, which *in him* we are yet unable to account for) he choſe to decline, but at the ſame time recommended it to them, that his ſucceſſors in office might enjoy the benefit of their kind intentions: In the ſpeech which he made upon the occaſion were the following words:——"But, "while I conſider myſelf at liberty to ſacrifice my *private in-* "*tereſt* to my *private feelings*, I muſt, &c." (Vide the whole tranſaction in the *Journals* of the time) This expreſſion gave occaſion to the following lines:

When *Halifax*, in ſpeech ſo witty,
So pointed, plauſible, and pretty,
Refus'd the *Commons'* courteous offer
To add ſome thouſands to his coffer,
His *private feelings* he conſulted,
From whence this generous act reſulted,
The fame of which will crown his glory
Immortal in *Hibernian* ſtory;
For ſure ſuch bounty ne'er was known,
To eaſe our wants, he bore his own:——
What though, beneath a borrow'd name,
To *Donaldſon*, enchanting dame,
He grants a *penſion* at our coſt,
His *Excellency* yet may boaſt
That, quite conſiſtent with himſelf,
Whether he ſave or waſte our pelf,
He's—what the beſt would fain arrive at——
Still rul'd by *what he feels in private.*

*This*

Or did ſome portion of his fire
This emulative verſe inſpire,
Though ſhelter'd in an Angel's ſhape,
No ſplendid villain ſhould eſcape,

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*This Lady's Brother, Faulkner*, (a paltry Player at one of the Theatres) has been, to the *great* ſatisfaction of the military, *honourably* provided for by a *Company in a marching Regiment: her Huſband* alſo, who was not long ſince a Foot-Soldier, has been advanced (for his great merit, no doubt) to *a profitable employment in one of our Colonies.* If the reader is deſirous of a more full account of her Hiſtory, he will find it in a Book publiſhed a few Years ſince, called, The *Reverie*, or, *A Flight to the Paradiſe of Fools.*

Line 325, *who come to ſtrip us)* This, if *Swift*'s authority may be admitted, is a practice of ſome antiquity: ——

And what condition can be worſe?
He comes to drain a beggar's purſe;
He comes to tye our chains on faſter,
And tells us *England* is our maſter. ———
Libel on Dr. Delany and a certain great Lord.

Line 326, *For chains to bind, and rods to whip us)* But that the writer of this letter was dead before the meaſure was adopted, one would imagine that he had here pointed at the late *Augmentation* of the military eſtabliſhment in *Ireland.* — N. B. In the Year 1745, *when a Rebellion was raging in the heart of Great-Britain*, an offer was made to *the then Chief Governor* of *Ireland*, of raiſing 4000 Men for the defence of the Kingdom, which *He* rejected, as *an unneceſſary burthen on an exhauſted People!* — Tempora mutantur, et nos! —— Editor's note.

All, all ſhould crouch beneath the rod,
And dread the *Muſe*, who dread not God.

Prudence this ardour would reſtrain——
But Prudence counſels here in vain,
The honeſt feelings of my breaſt
I truſt ſhall never be ſuppreſs'd,
So take them, *Fanny*, as they ſtart
Indignant from my patriot heart.
Your tender fears, perhaps, will tell
A little temperance were well——
But wherefore fear?——No guilt I own:
And fear belongs to guilt alone:——
Though high, 'tis true, the ſatire aim,
I point no mark for public ſhame,
I hang not up one raſcal name;

I make

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Line 334.)—Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.——
Pope.

Line 342.)—A little flattery ſometimes does well.
Shakeſpeare.

I make the *Cap* —— I'll ne'er deny it ——
*Thoſe only whom it fits apply it:*
" Yet ſtill, you ſay, your fears are ſtrong
" Leſt ſomething ſhould be taken wrong;
" The world ſo boldly ſoars above
" All *private faith*, all *public love* ——
" So full of danger are the times,
" Ev'n looks are conſtrued into crimes,
" And *Serjeant Sift* can find a *libel*
" Ev'n in a chapter of the Bible."
Since thus your apprehenſion ſways,
Do with my letter what you pleaſe ——
Burn, blot, or lay it on your ſhelf,
Where none may ſee it but yourſelf,
The dear ſelected few beſide
Whoſe worth is known, whoſe friendſhip try'd:
And thus, conceal'd from public view,
'Tis ſure no miſchief can enſue.



" A ſtrange

" A ſtrange digreſſion this!" you'll ſay:——
Indulge me, *Fanny*, 'tis my way——
" But wherefore (you perhaps will prate)
" Preſume to meddle with the great?"
Satire was ne'er my choice, you know;
I did not meditate the blow:
I never ſought to build a name
On ruins of another's fame;
My heart ne'er lodg'd a wiſh to ſhine
From peace or reputation wounded——
Old *Jack*'s apology is mine,
It lay before me, and I found it.

Now, after many a long delay,
And much dull nonſenſe by the way,
At laſt my *Journal* I reſume——
The *Jury* ſeated in their room,



Line 376, *Old Jack's apology). Falſtaff's*— " Rebellion lay in his way and he found it." Shakeſpear's Hen. 4. Part 1ſt.

Each for his ſhare of plunder fighting,
Wrangling, *Preſenting*, and *Indicting*;
With many a loud applauding roar
Of *Quickſet*'s chace the day before;
And many a ſcheme of cloſe *alliance*
To ſet the *County* at defiance,
To hold the *People* in *ſubjection*,
And dictate for the next *Election*. ——

But —— whither is my folly ſpinning
As though I were but now beginning?
When, looking backwards, which I vow
I did not 'till this inſtant *now*,
I ſee already with ſurprize
My letter to a volume riſe:
Here break we off —— no doubt of this,
'Twill taſk your patience as it is;

Then

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Line 386, *cloſe alliance* &c.) This practice is now ſo general, I might ſay univerſal, that a particular illuſtration would be almoſt impertinent.

Then take it, *Fanny*, at my hands,
A fragment meerly as it ſtands;
When next I am favour'd by *Apollo*,
The ſupplement may chance to follow:
'Till then, adieu!——My hand is ſore,
I never wrote ſo much before,

The E N D.

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